

FORD TIMES

june 1955



big



painting by Cecile Johnson

It would be hard to beat the little town of Hayward, in northern Wisconsin, for reverence toward fish. As you go along the main street you see a tank of live fish (in picture above). If you stop at the information booth you will notice the mountings of bass, wall-eye, and crappie, as well as a large muskellunge. And before long someone is bound to inform you that this is “the musky capital of the world”—the reason being that the record muskellunge was caught here by Cal Johnson.

It's a town where kids learn about fishing at an early age and where they are ready to swap fishing talk just like the practiced grown-ups. For Hayward's story, see Page 32. ■

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Below is one of fifty original articles which appear in "New England Journeys—Number 3." For your free copy write New England Journeys, Dept. F, Back Bay P.O. Box 151, Boston, Massachusetts.



For Eastport, Maine—

Till We Meet Again

by Edmund Ware Smith . . . paintings by Edward Turner

YOU KNOW how it is when for a long, enchanted time you've been communicating with a girl you've never seen. You dream of what she looks like, how her footstep sounds. One day you decide to go and see her—and that's when you get scared. She might be surrounded by a lot of large dogs with fangs. Worse yet, she might be married.

In my case, the girl in question was the city of Eastport, Maine. I'd heard from her two or three times a day for ten years. Her voice came straight from her heart over Station WLBZ, Bangor, and she talked about nothing but the weather.

"Special forecast," she'd say, "Eastport to Block Island. Small craft warnings raised at 7:00 A.M."

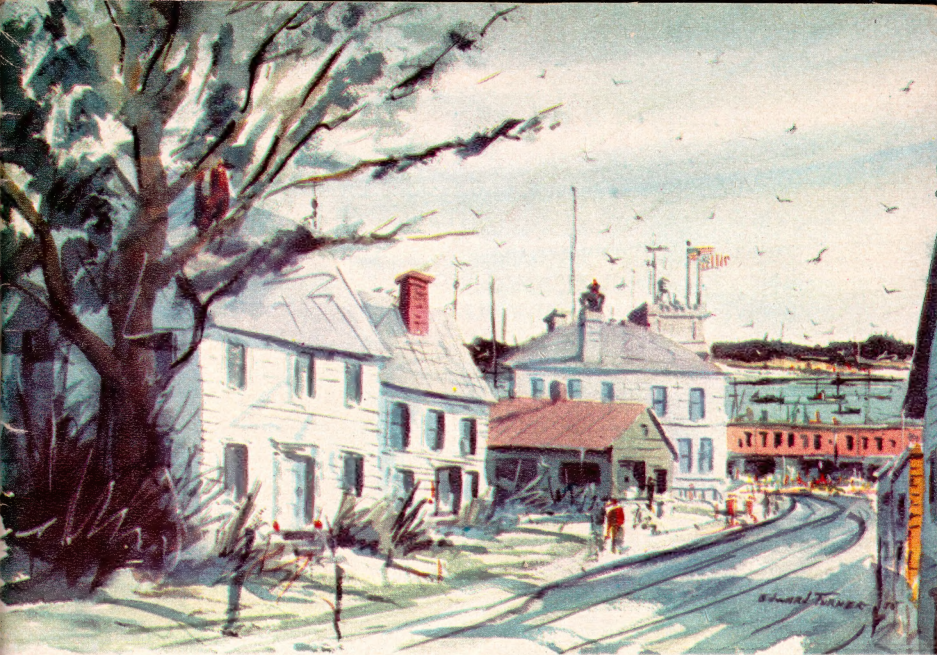
"Thanks, honey," I'd answer. "Thanks for the warning. I'll haul up my boat."

But one day last summer she really gave us the sweet talk. Her voice had a soft come-hither, and the dawn was fair.

"Small craft warnings lowered at sunrise," she murmured. "Gentle westerly winds."

Above right: Entering Eastport, Maine, on State Highway 190.

Below right: West Quoddy light, most easterly point in U.S.



Eastport at high tide and Canadian mail boat, "Rex IV"→

So in the early light we crossed the lake, got our Ranch Wagon from the garage, and headed for Eastport. About ten o'clock we turned off U. S. Highway 1 onto State 190. We crossed a bridge, and entered the easternmost city in the United States, situated on an island between Cobscook and Passamaquoddy bays, arms of the Bay of Fundy.

On that first drive down the main street, I hardly noticed the old, white houses and the elms. But they are there, and the houses have fanlights and chimneys, and are good to dwell in, or to dwell upon. You could almost see the hands and eyes of the master craftsmen who built them.

Some of the houses are a hundred and fifty years old. The southeast gales haven't annoyed them, and you know they never will. One house had a "For Sale" sign. In a matter of seconds, my wife bought it in fancy, made alterations, and moved in. Then she saw another she liked better.

I was looking for just one thing, and there she was: a gray stone building, like a fortress with windows. I read the signs at its entrance, as I climbed the stone steps: U. S. CUSTOMS; U. S. POST OFFICE; and—U. S. WEATHER BUREAU! My secret love.

"Please direct me to the weather bureau," I asked a man in the post office. "I have a date with her."

"Isn't here any more."

"You mean she's *gone*?"

I must have reflected dismay—because presently a lot of nice people began being helpful. Within minutes, I met Mr. Ashton Mabee, the postmaster. He introduced me to Mr. Charles Wilson, druggist and president of the savings bank. Mr. Wilson planned to introduce me to the Reverend Mr. Colpitts, a clergyman who is also secretary of the Chamber of Commerce—but just then Mr. Wilson saw Mr. Emery on Water Street.

"There's a man you ought to know," Mr. Wilson said; and that's how I met Mr. Roscoe Emery.

If you spend any time in Eastport, you too will meet Mr. Emery. When he tells you that Eastport was settled in 1782, or that its population is currently about 3500, you feel no impulse

Eastport at low tide . . . fishermen unloading at the docks→



to check his date or count his people. It is probable that Mr. Emery has uttered as few misstatements as any man in Maine—and none deliberately. You don't even question that the sea tides of Eastport reach a peak of twenty-eight feet. This astonishing fact, together with the huge ocean pools known as Passamaquoddy Bay and Cobscook Bay, caused the late Dexter Cooper to propose the celebrated Quoddy hydroelectric plan.

A working model of this immense power project is on display at Eastport's Quoddy Village, which is a complete village built for the workers on the proposed dams. Quoddy's future is one of Eastport's four main topics of conversation, the other three being the sea, the sardine industry—and the weather.

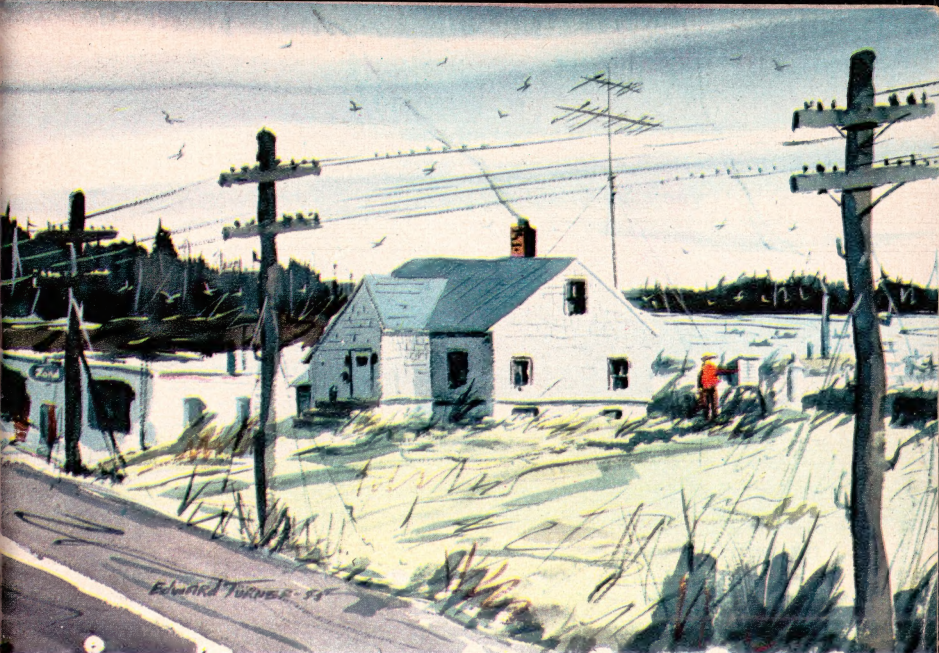
Mr. Emery's office is correctly in the Emery Building, second floor. He is deeply concerned with Eastport's history, citizens and welfare. For years he was owner and editor of the *Eastport Sentinel*, Maine's oldest newspaper, in which he published the first true account of Eddie Lee and the Masonic tomb.

Eddie Lee is a long-haired Irishman, whose cup of cheer occasionally runneth over. Eddie's father was the superintendent of grounds at the cemetery, where Eddie sometimes worked. One afternoon when he had looked upon the wine, Eddie crept into the Masonic tomb and went to sleep. At eventide, Eddie's father, unaware of his son's predicament, closed the tomb and went home.

When Eddie awoke, he scented masonry and remembered where he was. He forthwith flung out a cry. A passing stranger heard this cry, and fled the cemetery in terror wild. A short time later, Eddie's sister-in-law came through the cemetery on her way home. She, too, heard a voice from the tomb—and fainted. When she finally came to and got home, Eddie's father guessed the truth and rescued Eddie.

"To the best of my knowledge," said Eddie soberly, "this is the only instance of an Irishman being buried in a Masonic tomb."

Eastport is proud of the fact that in 1910 the late President Taft arrived in the *Mayflower* to make the first speech on Canadian Reciprocity. It is also proud that the late President



Roosevelt, a sponsor of the Quoddy project, spent his summers at nearby Campobello Island, in Passamaquoddy Bay, through which runs the International Boundary. And at Eastport there is at least one renowned tombstone—that of Lorenzo Sabine, author of *The American Loyalists*. It bears the masterfully simplified, one-word legend: “Transplanted.”

Down in the center of town the asphalt sidewalks have a casual lean to them. The granite curbstones also lean, and are painted red. Any road you take leads you to the sea, because the sea is in all directions. The headlands and promontories are steep, dramatic cliffs, most of them grown to spruces. Todd Head is the northeasternmost headland of the easternmost city.

At low tide, the tall, seaweed-draped piers and pilings make you think that Eastport is a town on stilts. Six hours later, at high tide, she seems to be a floating citadel with the boats of the sardine fleet moored level with her garden gates.

Absorbed in these reflections I'd half forgotten what had really lured me to Eastport. Remembering, I stopped in front of Quoddy Motors. Quoddy Motors is owned by Ivan Wyman, Eastport's Ford dealer. Hard by is the new home of my lady love, the Eastport, Maine, United States Weather Observatory.

Mr. Wyman introduced me to Mr. Walter Hicks, the weatherman; and although Mr. Hicks is not a girl—as I had dreamed he was—he is married to a very charming one. Together, with the unsolicited aid of their two small children, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks take readings from their instruments in the kitchen of their cottage home. There you see the nine-light wind indicator right near their washing machine; the barograph; the teletype not far from their kitchen stove; the children playing about.

My visit with Mr. and Mrs. Hicks was supremely satisfying. I knew, at long last, from whom our forecasts truly came. These were the human beings who told us hours in advance when to haul up our small boat and stake our delphinium and our clematis vines against wind and storm. Having met the Hickses, we would never be in any doubt. As we drove toward home I said, inwardly—for Eastport's private ear:

“Farewell, my lovely—till we meet again.”

The wind, as she had promised in the early morning, was gentle westerly, and the day still fair in the setting sun. ■



photograph by Jack Fields

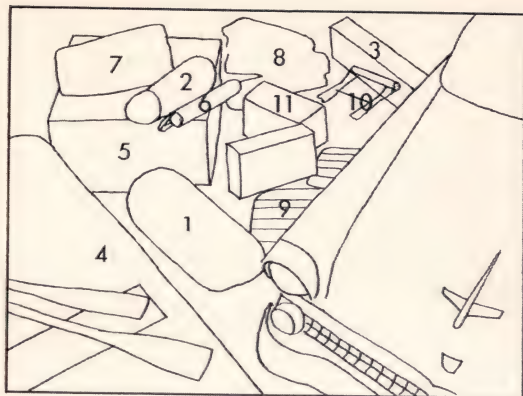
Mercy Flights—*a one-picture story*

WHEN Art Winetrout, popular Ford dealer in Medford, Oregon, died after an exhausting ambulance ride over mountainous roads to a Portland hospital, George Milligan (shown above), control tower operator at the Medford airport, organized Mercy Flights, Inc. This non-profit air ambulance service now covers seven counties of southern Oregon and northern California.

For two dollars a year per family, 4000 subscribers are placed within reach of Portland and San Francisco hospitals whenever necessary. The two planes of the service were outfitted with medical facilities, including a portable iron lung, oxygen equipment, linen and stretchers, through voluntary contributions by service clubs, individuals and fraternal organizations.

Logging 82,000 miles a year, Mercy Flights pilots, who receive only traveling expenses, have carried more than three hundred patients and have also dropped supplies to isolated fire fighters and persons surrounded by floods.

Mercy Flights, Inc., is the only private air ambulance service with permission to display the Red Cross emblem. ■



1. Ratsey and Laphthorn four-man tent;
2. Ratsey and Laphthorn two-man tent;
3. The Stross Pop-Tent, serving as a duck blind, and, when enclosed, as an ice fishing shanty;
4. The Lahti boat, constructed of Fiberglas;
5. The Lahti storage unit;
6. Ratsey and Laphthorn

Recreation Unlimited

Experimental equipment designed to increase
the usefulness of your Ranch Wagon

AT ABOUT THE TIME the Ranch Wagon became an American family institution, the Ford Publications staff, together with outside consultants, began to formulate and consolidate ideas for special equipment which would extend and perfect the Ranch Wagon's unparalleled recreational facility. Beginning some years ago with an article on tents, a whole field of possibilities has opened up. What about a special Ranch Wagon boat? A cooking outfit for a family of four? Sleeping accommodations? A playpen for children?

The possibilities were—and are—so infinite and varied that we have named the program of research and development: "Recreation Unlimited." But at the outset, we must state firmly that not all of the items described and illustrated in these pages are on the market, and at present none are available through your Ford dealer. Some, in fact, are still in the first-model stage of experimentation. We suggest that the Ranch Wagon family study these pages with a view to the future

baby carrier; 7. Plastic playpen doubles as wading pool; 8. Air mattresses; 9. Two panels for top bunks; 10. Folding stools for camp; 11. Icebox. Photograph at right shows all items packed; below: same eleven items set up for use. Photographs by Warren Winstanley.



as a foretaste of what Ranch Wagon equipment will provide.

Because of the spaciousness and all-round convenience of the Ranch Wagon, it can be turned into a rolling summer home, a vacation center on wheels, with a new "front yard" or a new "waterfront" every day. Its special boat will provide access to fishing. Its special tents will give shelter to the family, and its cooking equipment will facilitate meals in the open.

Before our own early experiments had progressed much beyond the dream stage, a new pulse of excitement began to make itself felt. Hints from FORD TIMES readers—"Ranch Wagon Ideas" of the do-it-yourself type—began pouring in. Their enthusiasm timed with ours. These personal experience stories constituted a kind of diverse proving ground or "test track" for special equipment. Many showed how owners had modified standard items of camping equipment to fit their Ranch Wagons. Others showed original designs and installations of bunks for sleeping, devices for carrying boats, "do-it-yourself" cooking cabinets and refrigerators.

Meanwhile, certain designers and manufacturers became interested. It was this cumulative impetus which led Ford Publications into the project called "Recreation Unlimited."

In this first roundup of special equipment, you will see in the photographs tents without poles, tents with the poles "built in," a Fiberglas boat that fits the car top, and many other items in varying stages of development.

On page 11, at the top, there are eleven items grouped around the Ranch Wagon. The lower photograph shows the same items in "open" or "set-up" form. By consulting the keyed diagram drawing, you can identify the following:

The four-man tent, with a fourteen-foot canvas extension that hooks onto the Ranch Wagon, thus making the tent and porch a Ranch Wagon annex. The tent itself is eight by ten, and six feet high, with a ground cloth of vinyl-coated nylon which moisture cannot penetrate. Weight is forty-seven pounds.

The two-man tent weighs thirteen pounds. Both these tents are hung on lightweight frames of rods and tubes and can be set up in less than five minutes. These tents are equipped with mosquito netting and zipper, and are bug-proof. In erecting them, the rods are thrust into place under tension and the



Ratsey and Laphorn four-man tent. Photograph by Warren Winstanley.

tent is hung to the framework by elastic loops of shock cord. Because of the tension of the rods and the elasticity of the loops, the tent becomes taut and trim without adjustment.

Lahti tent by B. F. Goodrich. Photograph by George Hess.



Both the above-described tents were developed from a highly successful arctic model used by the armed forces. These are made by and are obtainable from Ratsey & Laphorn, City Island, New York 64, New York (sail and tent makers since 1790).

The same firm also developed the baby crib shown in the photographs. It is a framework of aluminum with mosquito netting on sides and top. When used in the Ranch Wagon or car, two wood-disc anchors are shoved between seat and back cushion so that the crib won't budge in case of a sudden stop. This item is also available now from Ratsey & Laphorn.

Another new tent, not yet in production but fully developed and soon to be on the market, is the Pop-Tent, an ingenious two-in-one tent designed to serve as a duck blind and to double as an ice-fishing shanty. The Pop-Tent is built somewhat like an umbrella and was set up in less than half a minute after one demonstration by our staff's least-mechanical man. The ribs are strong, flexible Fiberglas—as in the latest fishing rods. The tent is opened by pushing down on the top, so that the ribs spring outward. You then turn the screw, release the pressure and the tent “pops” into firm, open position.

As a duck blind, the Pop-Tent has two shooting ports camouflaged with strips of canvas. Narrow windows to the sides and rear offer visibility in all directions. The tent material blends with the landscape.

As an ice fishing shanty the Pop-Tent is entirely enclosed and is moored in place by a hook thrust under the edge of the ice hole. The entire tent fits into a zippered bag with a carrying strap. The tent alone weighs less than ten pounds. Inquiries about the Pop-Tent tent should be sent to Stross Manufacturing Company, Box 302, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Other items shown in the top picture on page 11 are an ice-box, camp stools, two sleeping panels for “upper bunks,” four air mattresses. The inflatable plastic playpen fits the back of the Ranch Wagon and also does duty as a wading pool. This item is by B. F. Goodrich. So is the unusual Lahti tent, whose “poles” are inflated air columns. The tent is not yet on the market; it is still in the highly experimental stage. We will be glad to forward inquiries to the manufacturer.

Two boats have resulted from Recreation Unlimited's

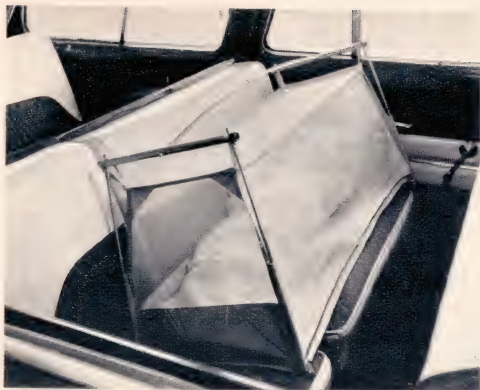


The Stross Pop-Tent as a duck blind. Photograph by Robert Logan.

researches. One, a small Fiberglas boat built to fit the Ranch Wagon top, was designed by an Ann Arbor firm, Consultants to Management, Inc., which was engaged by Ford Publi-

Chuck wagon and Lahti Fiberglas boat. Photograph by George Hess.





At left is the baby's mosquito-proof tent.

cations to work out special Ranch Wagon equipment ideas. Consultants to Management also produced the storage unit seen in the open back of the Ranch Wagon in the photograph.

Another boat, manufactured and on sale by Squires Manufacturing Company, Milan, Michigan, is made of plywood. It is light, and fits into the interior of the Ranch Wagon. This boat is an example of a manufacturer's interest in Ranch Wagon ideas. It is not shown in the photographs, but was described and pictured as the "Ranch Wagon's Junior Partner"



Sleeping set-up for four in Ranch Wagon.

*Air mattress being used
as a child's playpen.*



in the March, 1954, issue of the FORD TIMES.

Again, we must stress the fact that Recreation Unlimited's first roundup, as shown and described here, is to be regarded as a forecast, or preview. Except when otherwise stated, the items mentioned are not in production. But in the FORD TIMES in future issues, you will be informed of progress, of new items and where and how to procure them for your Ranch Wagon. We cannot undertake to answer queries, but will be glad to forward any letters to the manufacturer concerned. ■

*Lahti Fiberglas boat
here shown in action.*





Pick Up Your Car in Detroit

photographs by Warren Winstanley

BY ESTABLISHING a "driveaway" program in Detroit, Ford Motor Company has made it possible for a customer to order his new Ford from a dealer in his home town and take delivery on it in Detroit. To vacation-minded Ford buyers this service offers opportunities for both pleasure and profit.

The pleasure lies in the appeal of a trip to Detroit, which is becoming one of the major summer tourist objectives of the country. Among the attractions of the region is the Ford Rotunda in Dearborn with its graphic displays of Ford products and how they are made, dramatic illustrations of the world-wide operations of Ford Motor Company, and demonstrations of the research which figure in Ford plans for future automotive development.

Nearby are the Henry Ford Museum, devoted in part to exhibitions relating to American industry, and Greenfield Village, Henry Ford's restoration of a pre-industrial community.

Many customers are taking advantage of the driveaway program because some or all of the cost of a trip to Detroit by air or train is often realized through savings over the home-town delivered price of the car. In addition to getting a trip to Detroit at less expense, the customer enjoys some variety and must drive only one way.

The pictures on the opposite page were taken at the Ford factory delivery building in Detroit. In the upper picture, a couple are seen taking delivery on a Thunderbird. The lower picture, indicating the great variety of colors available in 1955 Fords, shows cars awaiting delivery.

Before a customer gets the keys to his new car, it is road-tested and prepared for use by factory-trained mechanics. Your local dealer can give you details of the driveaway program. ■



The CHANGE

in the Cumberland

story and paintings by Jesse A. Scott

EIGHTEEN MILES off U. S. Highway 25 and southwest of Corbin, Kentucky, the Cumberland River abruptly changes its appearance. Above the Great Falls in Whitley County the river is peaceful, broad, and shallow. Below the falls the valley becomes a gorge, the bed is narrow and filled with boulders, and deep holes alternate between sand bars, shoals of gravel, and fallen trees.

The upheaval continues forty miles downstream to a point near Burnside, Kentucky. Here the falls began their erosion at a time placed by geologists at twenty thousand years ago. The normal deepening of the valley encountered a rock strata of lesser hardness which created a difference in levels by wearing down at a faster rate. The drop also became a focal point for erosion, cracks fanned out, froze and burst, to pry blocks of stone from sedimentary planes laid down by a primeval sea.

The blocks vary in size, the average ones approaching the dimensions of a boxcar, with some ranging to about the size of a typical FHA project house, and a few getting as big as a Victorian home of eight rooms. These stones lie mostly in the bed of the river, turned on their sides, leaning on each other, or free standing with the river grinding away at the supporting end. Groups of blocks have been assembled at intervals, some forming the rough outline of a swimming pool, others a fishing hole bordered by stone benches. These benches formed by one rock resting upon another provide seats in some places eighteen inches high—just the height of your living room chair.

Back along the gorge the cliff sometimes flakes off in slabs. Some of the slabs disintegrate from the fall, while others lean

At left are scenes of the Cumberland a half-mile or more upriver from Great Falls. Scenery along the banks is full of pleasant surprises.



← *About a mile above the falls, where the river is relatively shallow.*

against the side of the cliff, where the river scours a path in between during high water. At other points the cliff has been deeply undercut, the parallel planes of cross-laminations showing clearly, some jutting out to form rectangular surfaces.

The change in appearance of the Cumberland River is heralded by the formation of a mist. At times the mist rises from the base of the eighty-foot plunge in the falls to loom high above the tumult and part like a stage curtain drawn aside for the beginning of the drama—the destruction of the mountains. The mist varies in density, being thin during the low stages and heavy during the high stages of the river. At night, during the heavy period, the mist catches the rays of the full moon to form a moonbow, reputed to be one of only two moonbows in the world, the other being at Victoria Falls in Africa.

Heavy or light, the mist is always there at the falls, and it is difficult to believe that vacationers lived with any degree of comfort in Moonbow Inn. This inn was built slightly before the Civil War, and was situated on the bank of the river almost in line with the falls. Moonbow Inn burned long ago, but was replaced by an inn farther up the river and on the opposite bank. This inn has in turn been superseded by DuPont Lodge, high on the top of an adjacent mountain and out of reach of the spray of the falls. DuPont Lodge has a new sun terrace overlooking the peaceful portion of the Cumberland, a new dining room also overlooking the river, and a new wing of sleeping rooms. Cabins may be rented at the lodge, a camping area is provided, and horses are available for the bridle paths.

It is here, above the falls, where the scenes depicted in the accompanying paintings were found. Here the river is tranquil as if gathering strength for its tumultuous course below. It is shallow, and still enough in places to mirror the tree-covered hills and the rocks that line its edges.

Forest trails, flanked by the tumbled rocks, lead along these shores and through nearby woods. State foresters watch the trails, and remove any dangerous rock. But by and large the formations are stable, and little of that work has to be done. ■

← *A quiet spot along the Cumberland, two miles upstream from the falls.*





Marooned off Cape Alava

by Byron Fish . . . photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

OREGONIANS think their Cape Blanco is the farthest-west point in the United States, while most Washingtonians think that distinction belongs to their Cape Flattery. They're both wrong, for little-known Cape Alava, at the tip of Washington's Olympic peninsula, wins on sheer longitude, even at high tide. Oregon's Cape Blanco falls more than seven miles short of Flattery's position; Cape Flattery quits while still 338 feet east of Cape Alava; and during low tide, Alava extends a sandspit to a high, tree-topped rock, and one can walk a quarter-mile farther out on the "mainland."

The status of being the farthest-west pedestrians in the nation was one inducement for us to go there. As an added attraction, if we stayed long enough, the tide would come in and maroon us on the island. We would re-enact Swiss Family Robinson without all the nuisance and destruction of a shipwreck.

So we set off for the cape, two families with five children ranging in age from ten weeks to four and a half years—all younger than the three Swiss family boys, but they were the oldest we had on hand. Boys big enough to tote their own packages are preferable, if you must walk any distance to get marooned. In this case, we had to park the cars at Lake Ozette, the road's end, which left us a four-mile hike to the beach.

Above left: Camping at Lake Ozette—the start of the trail.

Below left: The trail winds through dense Olympic rain forest.



←*Lars K. Ahlstrom, the most westerly citizen of the U. S.*

Lake Ozette lies in a wilderness alongside the Pacific Ocean, and there is only a cabin resort on its shores, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson. The lake was once surrounded by settlers, but hardly had they homesteaded the shore when the Alaska gold rush drew half the men away. The rest became discouraged and eventually left. Even the original residents, the Indians, are gone. The last of the Ozette tribe died in 1925, and only the overgrown ruins of their village remain.

At Lake Ozette we camped overnight and tried the hunting and fishing before starting the hike to the cape. The trail, much of it on cedar puncheons, leads through dense rain forest, but halfway along it breaks into a clearing known as the Ahlstrom ranch.

Lars K. Ahlstrom, the original settler in the area, now eighty years old, has lived there since he homesteaded back in 1902. There is no one to challenge his position as the farthest-west permanent resident in the U.S., and there's little likelihood that anyone ever will, for the land between Lake Ozette and the ocean has become part of the Olympic National Park. Despite his age, Ahlstrom lives alone, but he is a most sociable hermit. He put the bridges and the puncheons on the trail as much to benefit others as himself.

Returning to the trail, we could hear the sound of the Pacific, muffled by the forest but growing to a roar, and finally we heard the traveling boom of the surf. We had to curb a quickening step, or we'd have left the four-year-olds behind. Other miles of coast are guarded by reefs, and small islands may look the same, but there was something about Cape Alava's position that made things *feel* different.

We tramped a mile north on the sand until we were opposite Indian or Wahyah Island, which is known as Cannonball Island by those who have been there. The name comes from the smooth, round, cannonball-shaped rocks that are found all over the beach. However, this was our later discovery. The island was cut off by high tide, so while waiting we combed the beach for the sea's numerous and varied donations, practicing

←*At the tip of Cape Alava, looking west to Cannonball Island.*



←*Beachcombing on the cape while waiting for the tide to recede.*

on our Swiss Family Robinson technique.

Toward evening the tide receded and we tramped across the spit to the island. As we crawled up its steep side we had no idea what we'd find on top, but we hoped we might do as well as the amazingly fortunate Swiss family. We weren't counting on their luck in having a live cow float ashore, however—we had brought canned milk.

Shortly after we reached the tiny grove on the summit, the fruits of hard labor provided us with a lean-to over our heads, a great stack of firewood, and three bunks ready for the night. Of course, we must admit it wasn't our hard labor—it seems that during World War II this outpost had been used as a lookout station. We found remnants of a telephone line and a winch platform for hauling up supplies. The war had ended while there was still a good heap of wood in the lean-to.

But when you're marooned, you take what is provided, and what's the difference if it floats ashore or has been abandoned there by the Coast Guard? Anyway, we were still roughing it. The tide rose and we were cut off until noon the next day.

That night, like the Swiss family, we discovered that wild animals lived on the island. The Robinsons saw a greater variety—North American bison, Indian elephants, Australian ostriches and African lions—but Cannonball Island's wildlife was also to be feared. How does one deal with a completely self-confident skunk that comes snooping among your groceries at two o'clock in the morning? The skunk ignored me so I left it alone, but I could hardly forgive the final insult. As the skunk strolled off, it walked right over me.

After breakfast, we explored the island's rocky beach, and as the tide receded and the sandspit emerged, we stood on the seaward side enjoying the momentary distinction of being the farthest west of 160 million Americans. There was no chance of anybody else taking Horace Greeley's advice so literally.

And as far as we know, we are the only families that have traveled from the continent without ship, aircraft or passport, and have spent the night so far out on a Pacific isle. ■

←*Cannonball Island was named for these rocks scattered at the base.*



Jubilee on Mobile Bay

by Robert Martin Hodesh . . . painting by Bill Moss

THERE are plenty of mysterious phenomena connected with sea life, and one of the strangest is the event on Mobile Bay called "jubilee." During a jubilee the creatures living on or near the floor of the bay—eels, crabs, shrimp, flounder and catfish—make a sudden, desperate, and temporary effort to get out of the water.

The event is called a jubilee not because of what the fish do, but because of what the people do. When a jubilee is on, the latter make for shore with tubs, pails, spears, pitchforks and flashlights to scoop up all the high-priced seafood that is then available for free. The flounder and catfish are at the water's

edge, while the crabs are on the beach or up any handy cypress tree.

No one is quite sure what causes a jubilee, but there are plenty of theories. Some say that earthquakes disturb the creatures, but the seismograph people have never reported any. Some say that the oxygen suddenly leaves the water, which has some plausibility because the fish are gasping for breath, although perfectly healthy. Others state that the tide moving in from the Gulf of Mexico mixes with fresh river water in a way that annoys the fish.

None of these theories explains why a jubilee occurs only on the bay's eastern shore, only along eight miles of shore within the region of Fairhope and Point Clear in Alabama, only in summer, usually between midnight and dawn, and only to bottom-feeding creatures.

Unfortunately, a jubilee can't be predicted. It is usually discovered by someone out fishing on the shore at night. A yell goes up, window shades fly, heads pop out and people start shouting directions. Before long Mobile gets wind of it, the telephone switchboards go insane, and huge traffic jams develop in the Bankhead Tunnel as cars crowd through for the eastern shore.

The beach is a mad and merry place jammed with men, women and children, some in pajamas and nightgowns. One time guests tumbled out of the sumptuous Grand Hotel at Point Clear in formal evening clothes to join the frolic. Most people are satisfied with a few seafood dinners, but one great night two men scooped up eight hundred pounds of flounder.

They tell about a certain high-born lady of the region who drew on a silk dressing gown when the shout went up, roused her maid, and made for the beach. Moving choosily along the shore, like a customer in a fish market, she pointed out the flounder she liked and said,

"Gig that one, Julia. And that one."

Things being what they are on Mobile Bay, it is no wonder they think the worst practical joke ever played on Fairhope was when some boys drove through town in a Model T after midnight shouting "Jubilee!" just for the fun of it. When the truth became known, they were lucky to escape with their lives. ■



HAYWARD, WISCONSIN

by Bernice O. Erickson

paintings by Cecile Johnson



I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST a coat of arms for Hayward, my little home town in northwestern Wisconsin. It ought to show a huge muskellunge reclining on a bed of live and artificial lures with casting rods crossed in the background.

For a model they could use the whopping muskie that the late Cal Johnson took out of Lac Court Oreilles (Lake Short Ears, if you please) back in '49. That fish weighed sixty-seven and a half pounds, measured sixty and a quarter inches, and



Children's Fishing Derby at Shue's Pond.

was thirty-three and a half inches around the bay window. It was big.

Naturally, it caused a sensation. It also started a tradition, for the monster was mounted and Governor Rennebohm unveiled it in 1950, whereupon Hayward established its annual National Muskie Festival, three fine days of merriment in mid-June.

That muskie made quite an impression. Today when you

enter the town from the south or west, you see a huge sign: "Cal Johnson's World Record Muskellunge." On the library corner is a plaque to Cal himself, gift of sportsmen everywhere. And before long you'll see a truck bearing the notice: "Hayward, Muskie Capital of the World." (Actually, the world record muskie taken on rod and reel weighed 69 pounds, 11 ounces. It was caught by Louis Spray in Chippewa Flowage, Wisconsin.)

It's a wonderful thing that Cal caught that fish. For years he had been writing newspaper columns and articles about the wonders of Hayward's waters, and the fish proves that his loyalty and enthusiasm were not misplaced. He couldn't have left a more fitting memorial.

The festival for which he was indirectly responsible is our gayest event. The Legion puts on a big fish fry, there is a spectacular torchlight boat race down the Namekagon River, horses test their pulling powers at the Fair Grounds, and old-time lumberjacks demonstrate their skills in the log-sawing and chopping contests on Main Street. And the prettiest girl in town gets to be Muskie Queen, while bands, including our famous Drum and Bugle Corps, stage a great parade.

The echoes of logging are important in the celebration because in the early days Hayward swarmed with lumberjacks, and it earned a reputation as a wild and burly place. When the forest had been chopped down, Hayward didn't become a ghost town like so many lumbering communities.

It had a kind of pride and self-sufficiency that brought it through hard times. This is exemplified by Anthony Wise, our thirty-three-year-old mayor. For instance, Tony took a look at Shue's Pond, a miniature lake in the center of the town that had deteriorated into a swamp, and with the help of John Hagén and the National Guard, dredged it out and stocked it with pan fish. Today Hayward's youngsters talk 'like fishermen—which they are.

The newest thing in Hayward is Tony's North Wisconsin Logging Camp and Museum. Here, with Charlie Ring as guide, the visitor can get the flavor of a real old-fashioned

Albert Jones, blacksmith at the museum→



logging camp, the kind that made lumber history on the Great Lakes. Among its wonders are lumberjacks who can demonstrate the loading of huge logs. There is also an authentic bunk house, and a cook shanty where you can get Paul Bunyan meals: slices of bread that measure a foot across, and whole pies for dessert.

Charlie's tour ends down at the Namekagon River with a skillful display of birling and log-rolling by experts, to demonstrate how nimble-footed the old lumberjacks were in getting out the spring log drive. You don't see wonderful things like this much any more.

Another part of Hayward is its Chippewa Indians. Now a peaceful part of the community, they live and dress like the rest of us, but on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in July and August they, too, go in for memories. Dressed in the ceremonial garb of their ancestors, with the beaded buckskins and the feathered headdress, they do their ancient war dances on Main Street.

If you can't come to Hayward, Hayward will go to you. Each winter the Chamber of Commerce and Hayward's businessmen and resort owners sponsor "Johnson's Fish and Wildlife Trailer." The mountings and display cases that enthrall visitors in summer are packed into a thirty-five-foot trailer which tours the lake states for two months, exhibiting the fish and wildlife that have made Hayward famous.

The best thing, however, is to visit us. We have more lakes and streams than you can count, and before long you will tie into the prize—the fighting tiger muskie.

This is no figment of our imagination, either. One day three-year-old Judy Nielsen was dangling her feet off the dock at her grandparents' resort when a big muskie came right up and bit her. It had been attracted by her toenails. Our muskies are just mean, willing and anxious enough to go around biting little girls.

Or maybe they just want to let us know that Cal Johnson didn't get the last of them—or the biggest. ■



America's

WHITE WATER CLASSIC

by Geneva J. Yockey . . . photographs by Forrest N. Yockey

JUST to drive along U. S. Highway 50 (The Royal Gorge Route) between Salida and Canon City, Colorado, you would never guess that during a couple months in the spring the Arkansas River running parallel to the highway becomes the most hellish stretch of white water in the world to navigate. Nevertheless, you can take it from the world's most expert river men and some 25,000 boat race fans who congregate along its banks for the annual Salida-Arkansas River Boat Race, there is none to match its viciousness anywhere.

The Arkansas starts near Leadville from the snow banks of Mt. Elbert and Mt. Massive, highest peaks in Colorado. Flowing southeast it passes Mt. Harvard and La Plata Peak, third and fourth highest, and five others, all over 14,000 feet, before reaching Salida sixty miles away. During May and June the run-off from the watersheds of each adds to its momentum so by the time it reaches Salida it is a mass of roaring, frothing rapids, crashing over boulders, and splashing high on the granite walls that guide its course.

A friendly wager by two Salida sportsmen in the spring of 1949 started what has become the world's greatest white water boating classic. The two men challenged each other to a canoe race on the river from Salida down through the Royal Gorge to Canon City, a distance of fifty-six miles. Others heard of the wager, and the Chamber of Commerce liked the idea and publicized it. A parade and festival were arranged, and the first annual Salida-Arkansas River Boat Race was on.

By coincidence, the famous Swiss racing team of Romer and

Above right: Contestants check gear before shoving into current.

Below right: Three boats running close, a mile after starting.



Rapids like these soon separate the men from the boys→

Riss were in the United States pitting their skill against the nation's toughest rivers. They entered the race and were the only ones of twenty-three contestants to reach the finish line, taking nearly seven hours.

The second race, in 1950, was equally spectacular, but on advice of the Swiss experts the course ended at the mouth of the Royal Gorge. It was attempted suicide, they said, for a human being to try to run a boat between the thousand-foot vertical cliffs of the Gorge, and if a racer ever capsized he would surely be beaten to death on the rocks.

The 1954 race was recognized for the first time by the American Canoe Association as an official race. An added feature was an amateur contest with standings defined by the American Canoe Association, the International Federation of Canoeists, the A. A. U. and the Olympic Committee. Nineteen contestants started the 1954 race over the 25.7-mile course, fourteen of them crossing the finish line.

In the early years of the race portaging was allowed around some of the worst rapids which were considered unnavigable and too dangerous, but since the course has been shortened this practice has been prohibited.

Even though the shortened course eliminates some of the impossible water, every foreign contestant who has entered the race proclaims the Arkansas the "meanest river in the world." Water over the entire course (still the longest white water course in the world) flows at an average speed of 10.5 miles per hour and drops a thousand feet from starting point to finish line.

Any paddle-powered craft is eligible. During past races there have been a variety of entries—cataract boats, canoes, kayaks, rubber rafts, glass boats and at one time a craft outrigged with pontoons made from the belly tanks of a P-38. All types have been ripped apart and sunk in the rapids. Expertly manned kayaks have proved the most successful.

The 1955 white water classic will probably be run on June 19, provided the river is at its peak. Anyone with an eligible craft, and the nerve to man it, is invited to enter. ■

Keller Cottonwood Rapids—one of five treacherous drops→



Hams of Mt. Pacifico

story and photographs by George Goodman

THE Angeles National Forest, often called the backyard of Los Angeles, echoes with gunfire during deer season, but about the third week in June it receives its heaviest bombardment from six portable transmitters of the Pacifico Radio Club. When the club's call letters, K6BAG, crackle out into the ether it is an announcement to the radio "ham" world that the annual National Amateur Radio Field Day is under way, sponsored by the American Radio Relay League.

During the contest's twenty-four-hour period the atmosphere seethes with call letters from throughout the United States. Participants log the time and call letters of each contact, and their log sheets are judged at the close of the contest by the parent organization.

The Pacifico Club has eighteen members from high schools and colleges in the Los Angeles area, all licensed radio operators and members of the civil defense program. During heavy floods several years ago some of these boys got experience at emergency relief by patrolling danger areas in cars with mobile transmitters.

The club took its name from Mt. Pacifico, a 7,078-foot peak in the national forest from which their competitive broadcasting is done. A couple of days before the contest the boys set up camp from a motor caravan that is equipped down to pop-up toasters, electric refrigerators, and television.

The contest proper is limited to calls in this country, but afterward the boys usually stay up on their mountain long enough to establish contact with every continent on earth. ■

*Above right: Ham radio camp is on top of a mountain.
Below right: Youths compete cross country by radio.*



little grand canyon of the south

by Ruth B. Hagedorn . . . paintings by John A. King

THE AVERAGE TOURIST skimming along the pleasant valley that carries U. S. Highway 11 between Chattanooga and Birmingham is unaware that there, in northeast Alabama, lies the deepest and largest canyon east of the Rockies. Hidden in the rolling fastnesses of hundred-mile-long Lookout Mountain, this surprisingly spectacular gorge is Little River Canyon, until recently known as May's Gulf, and often called the Little Grand Canyon of the South.

This genuine scenic attraction is enchanting more and more travelers with its wild beauty and rock formations that follow the serpentine course of Little River. It is easily accessible now to those who drive about fifteen miles up the mountain from Fort Payne and follow the directional signs of Alabama Highway 58.

Many years ago the Cherokees roamed its fringes, fished its deep stream, and mined lead deep in its recesses; DeSoto and his soldiers, in their great exploration of the West from Florida, were the



*Above right: Largest canyon east of the Rockies begins here.
Below right: It takes intrepidity to fish the Little River.*



Wild goats climb the walls of the canyon→

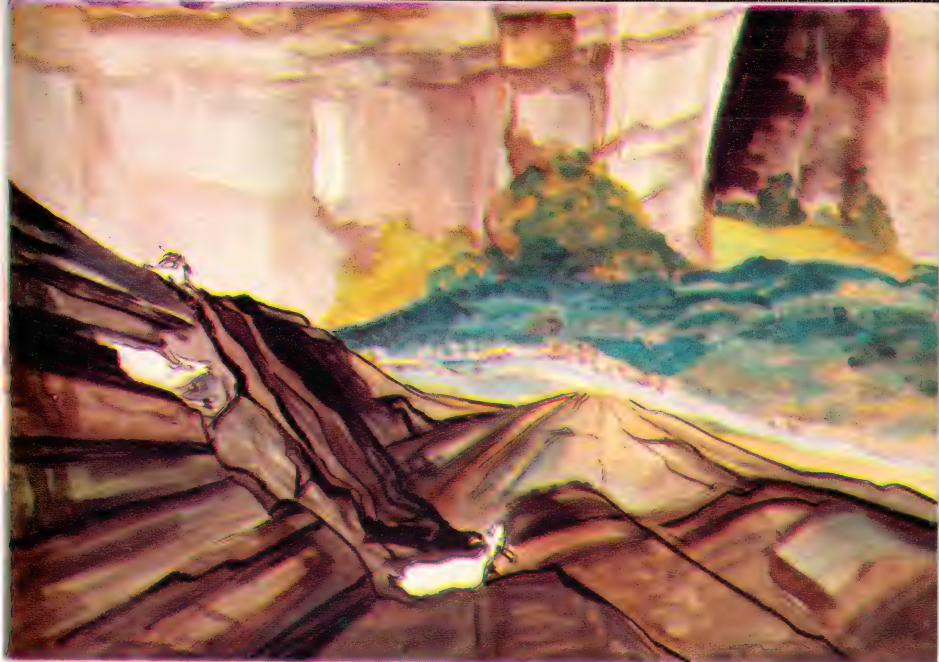
first Old World men to see its wonders. Centuries later Confederate troops stored supplies and molded bullets in its caves. At this time Union troops, under General Andrew May, in trying to join General Sherman in Atlanta, attempted to climb the canyon's steep heights and lost the battle that ensued. General May was so fascinated by the magnificent chasm that after the war he asked permission to survey it. To his rough map he affixed the name, "May's Gulf," and that it remained until a recent legislature officially changed the name to Little River Canyon.

Much of the canyon's beauty comes from its sheer rock walls that at some points are more than seven hundred feet high. Goats—not true mountain goats, but domesticated ones that have run wild—leap agilely over its crags. In many places dark pine, smoky ash, elm, maple, and sourwood trees grow out of the varicolored cliffs; many species of wild flowers and berries among the rhododendrons and wild azaleas attract visiting botanists.

Deep in the canyon, Little River, the only river in the country that runs its course on top of a mountain, winds like a green thread around huge spools of boulders and blends its song with the eerie whisper of the wind as it whistles through the trees and rocks. There is a legend about the canyon and its river, passed along by old-timers, that it conceals herds of little wild horses, descended from steeds left behind by DeSoto and his men. But the few intrepid fishermen who have clambered down to fish Little River in recent years haven't reported seeing any sign of them.

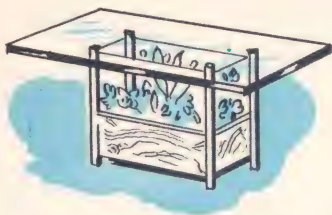
May's Gulf begins in DeSoto State Park, where Little River takes a 120-foot plunge at DeSoto Falls. The state has recently opened a sixteen-mile paved highway around the lip of the canyon and picnic pavilions with recreational facilities are to be built at two splendid vantage points. Additional picnic tables will be situated along the new road, thus adding an extra to an intriguing stopover only a few minutes' drive off a major north-south route. ■

In the canyon are ruins of DeSoto's fort→



From the ALMANAC

The handy items of information below are just a sampling of the hundreds of useful entries in the new 208-page 1955 FORD ALMANAC FOR FARM, RANCH AND HOME. The Almanac is sold at bookstores and newsstands, or can be ordered directly by sending \$1.00 to the publisher, Simon & Schuster, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.



COFFEE TABLE PLANTER

A clever method to show off both flowering and small green plants is to make a planter box of your coffee table. You may change it frequently if you grow inexpensive plants like orange or grapefruit seedlings plus tiny ferns and scattered small flowering plants.

"VACATION WRAP"

THE DAY when vacationers had to ask neighbors to water their house plants is gone. You can do the job now with "vacation wrap," a plastic which you wrap around your flower pots and up around the stalk. The process,

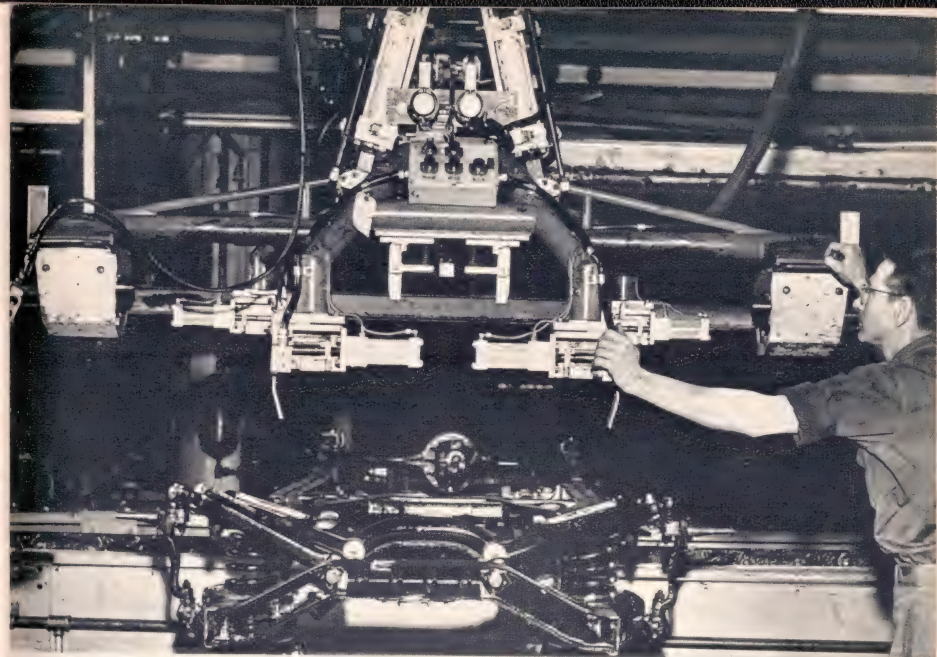
discovered by Dale Sweet, Michigan State horticulturist, will keep a plant healthy at room temperature for "two or three weeks." The plastic keeps potted plants from losing moisture through the porous pots and top soil.

NEW POPCORN

ILLINOIS hull-less popcorn will pop up to 40 times normal size. Fifteen years ago a good popping corn increased itself 22 times. By careful selection, Prof. B. L. Weaver Illinois horticulturist, has developed corn that pops as much as 44 times in volume.

KILLS AND FERTILIZES

HERE'S a new chemical for home gardeners that's almost like eating your cake and having it too. Calcium cyanamide first kills weed seeds when applied to the soil. Then in about 3 weeks it changes into a highly effective fertilizer, furnishing lime to sweeten the soil, and nitrogen to feed the plants.



photograph by S. Rosol

Ford's Octopus

A LARGE TOOL called the "octopus" attacks the safety problem of proper front wheel alignment 7000 times a day at Ford Motor Company's twenty assembly lines throughout the country. This eight-armed machine enables Ford production men to set wheel angles uniformly on each vehicle. The men in quality control say that no two automobile frames have exactly the same characteristics, and that the advantage of the octopus is that it tells what adjustments should be made in each case to fit the personality of each frame. In pre-setting the wheel angles, the octopus compresses the front springs to simulate a normal highway load. Moved about on power supplied by an overhead motor, the machine is shifted from the production line and checked periodically against a master gauge. This device was developed along with thousands of others to check, test, and inspect Ford products. ■





RUGGED RIDE ON THE TIOGA ROAD

by Karl Kidder
 paintings by Brooks Bloomer

ONE of the toughest stretches of national park road in the nation today is the famous, or infamous, Tioga Road in the northeastern part of California's great Yosemite.

The road is famous because it is the same route which ore wagons traveled in the 1880's, hauling materials and supplies to the old Tioga Mine near the summit, and bringing the valuable ore back down. It is infamous because of one twenty-one-mile stretch which is in practically the same condition as when Chinese laborers, hired by the mine owners, first built it.

Despite the condition of the roadway, thousands of tourists annually take a deep breath and start the ascent up to Tioga Pass, the crest of the Sierra. They brave the numerous switchbacks, the narrow grades where an occasional turnout has been provided, and the steep stretches where vapor locks are common. There is good news for these motorists: the road will be improved. According to plans announced by the Department of the Interior, last fall, Park Superintendent John Preston expects work to begin this summer or next.

It is the park superintendent's job to keep the park areas

Above left: Entering the twenty-one-mile stretch (see 1 on map).

Below left: Descending the most hazardous section (see 2 on map).



← *Traveling up the Tioga Mine Road to Porcupine Flat (see 3 on map).*

as accessible as possible without destroying the scenic and recreational values of the high Sierra wonderland. The Park Service has tentatively surveyed a new route to replace an eight-mile stretch of the old mine road from near White Wolf Lodge to Porcupine Flat, deemed to be the most hazardous section, and a second thirteen-mile stretch from Porcupine Flat to Cathedral Creek. The cost is estimated at less than \$5,000,000.

Why all the fuss about rebuilding a stretch of mountain road? Any of those 108,125 persons who traversed it last summer can tell you. Between Leevining in Mono County on State Highway 120, the eastern approach to the park, down to Fresno lies some of the West's most beautiful high mountain scenery. Tioga Pass Summit is 9,941 feet above sea level and flanking it on all sides are peaks whose crests soar to twelve thousand feet and higher. Patches of snow dot the landscape the year around. Meandering streams turn to cascades that tumble through the granite gorges of the nearby canyons. There are Yosemite's famed Half Dome, Glacier Point, Bridalveil, and other falls. Deer graze along some of the prettiest and greenest meadows imaginable, and bear sniff around the camps.

Visitors to the Tuolumne Meadow Lodge, at about 8500 feet, hike the famous John Muir Trail which follows the crest of the Sierra for a hundred miles or more, or they take shorter walks to Vogelsang or Glen Aulin, two other camps. Geologists delight in the area—several glaciers in miniature still exist on the shaded slopes of the peaks. Ornithologists spend hours watching the birds, which include wood peewees, the raucous Steller's jays, Oregon juncos, red-tailed hawks and California's protected turkey vultures.

Yet, to reach this wonderland one must first negotiate the Tioga Mine Road, and for many the strain of the trip is too great. Improvement of the roadway, now open only during the summer, will open this area to countless tourists who at present will not brave the route; and it will relieve the harried nerves of the many drivers and passengers who do. ■

← *Looking east toward Tenaya Lake, near Cathedral Pass (see 4 on map).*



Arboretum in Southern California

by Eileen Peck Winchell

photographs by Ned French

EIGHTY years ago, when E. J. Baldwin, better known as "Lucky" Baldwin because he had struck it rich on the Comstock Lode, first looked at the San Gabriel Valley, a few miles east of Los Angeles, he saw a resemblance between it and what he thought Paradise should be.

Money being no particular object, he bought a large part of it, paying \$225,000 for Rancho Santa Anita and spending a few hundred thousand more to make it a show place. Today, 127 acres of the rancho constitute the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum, which is sponsored by the California Arboretum Foundation, Inc.

This museum for rare living plants and trees from all over the world was opened to the public this year, after six years of preparation. On its grounds is the Queen Anne cottage, shown in the upper picture, opposite page, which Baldwin built for his third wife, Jennie Dexter Baldwin. It has stained glass windows, one of which depicts Jennie herself. The furnishings are of the same period as when Lily Langtry was a visitor there.

The lower picture shows the five-acre, spring-fed lagoon which attracts numerous wild and tame waterfowl. Possum, raccoon and skunk hunt in the miniature jungle at its edge.

When Baldwin stocked the rancho, he installed 2,500 peacocks, of which 125 descendants still roam at will around the grounds, nesting in the tallest eucalyptus trees. Baldwin planted 221 varieties of this tree. Some have flowers of great beauty, and one, in front of the cottage, is 180 feet high.

The general public may join guided tours of the Arboretum that are conducted every half hour on Sundays. On certain other days organized groups are admitted by appointment. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Mark Twain Hotel in Elmira, New York, is named for the famous author and humorist who is buried in the city.

It is considered one of the finest hotels in the state. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served. Overnight accommodations.

GYPSY BEEF GOULASH

2½ pounds lean round of beef
3 tablespoons shortening
3 medium-size onions, sliced thin
Salt and pepper, to taste
1 tablespoon paprika
1 blade marjoram
1 clove garlic, crushed
Beef stock or water, to cover
4 green peppers, cut in large dices
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup sour cream
1 tablespoon caraway seeds

Cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Melt shortening in a skillet and brown the sliced onions. Skim out onions and place them in a stew pan. Brown the meat in the drippings, add paprika, salt, pepper, marjoram and garlic. Stir mixture in skillet, then remove to stew pan. Add enough water or beef stock to cover meat. Simmer gently for 30 minutes. Add green peppers and cook until meat is tender. Cream flour and butter together and stir into sauce, cooking until smooth and thickened. Add sour cream and caraway seeds and cook a little longer. Serve over noodles. Makes 6 to 8 portions.

←*painting of Mark Twain Hotel by Revington Arthur*

←*painting of Chilhowee Inn by Joseph H. Cox*

Chilhowee Inn For over fifty years this rural inn has been noted for its home-baked bread, real Tennessee country ham and fried chicken. Twenty-five miles southeast of Knoxville on State Highway 73, it is between Maryville and Gatlinburg in Walland, Tennessee. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner; picnic lunches packed to take out. Closed on Monday and from the first of November to the first of May.

CREOLE CABBAGE

1 pint cured ham drippings with fat
3 cups tomatoes, mashed
1 medium size cabbage, shredded
6 pods tender okra, cut
1 bell pepper, diced
1 small onion, diced
1 cup ham, diced
Salt, white pepper, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, wine vinegar and sugar to taste
¾ stick butter
½ cup flour

Add tomatoes to ham drippings and bring to boil. Add cabbage, pepper, onion and okra. Bring to a boil and add seasonings. Reduce heat and simmer 20-30 minutes or until cabbage is tender. Add diced ham. Blend butter and flour and stir into cabbage to thicken. Serves 8 to 10.



The Chidwa is a pleasant dining room which specializes in excellent food and outstanding pastries. Lunch and dinner served daily; Sunday dinner from noon to 7:00 p.m. Closed Saturday, except for parties, and for two weeks in August. It is at 11536 Woodward Avenue (U. S. 10) in Detroit, Michigan.

MATTIE'S ORANGE PIE

Dissolve 3 tablespoons orange gelatin in the heated juice of 2 oranges. Cool. Fold in 1 pint vanilla ice cream and 2 egg whites beaten stiff. Fill a 9-inch baked pie shell and cover with whipped cream. Chill.

SEVEN LAYER CAKE

Beat 7 egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add 1 cup confectioner's sugar gradually beating constantly. Sift 1 cup sifted flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and fold into yolk mixture. Beat 7 egg whites until stiff enough to hold a peak and fold in lightly. Line 7 eight-inch layer cake pans with greased wax paper. Divide batter between pans and bake in 350° oven for

12 minutes. Remove from pans at once.

Filling

Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound sweet chocolate and 3 tablespoons cold water in double boiler. Mix 3 eggs and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar thoroughly and combine with chocolate. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound butter; beat until blended. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and continue beating until filling is stiff enough to spread. Cover each layer and top and sides with filling. It may be necessary to place toothpicks through top layers to hold them in place until filling sets. Serve after 24 hours. Makes 14-16 portions.

←*painting of The Chidwa by Robert Konersman*

←*painting of Colonial Village by Eddie Miller*

Colonial Village Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Hull are the owners and managers of this friendly hotel on U. S. 66 and 63 in East Rolla, Missouri. Open for meals from 6:00 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. every day. Overnight accommodations and recreation facilities.

ROSE CINNAMON APPLE PIE

Crust:

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{8}$ cup water

Sift flour and salt together, add shortening and blend together with a fork until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add water, stir lightly until mixture holds together. Roll out half of dough for lower crust and fit into 9 inch pie pan. Add filling and put on top crust.

Filling:

4-5 apples, peeled and sliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cinnamon drops (red hots)

Place apples on lower crust. Mix flour, sugar and butter; place on top of apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon drops. Make slashes in top crust to let out steam; bake at 400° for 45 minutes or until crust is brown and apples tender.



Desert Caravan Inn is about a quarter-mile from the western city limits of Spokane, Washington, on U. S. Highways 2, 10 and 395. Included are a modern motel, recreation facilities, and a glassed-in dining room which commands a magnificent view of downtown Spokane. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day. Open year around.

BAKED SALMON

½ green pepper, chopped
1 onion, minced
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 bay leaf
1 slice salmon, 1-2½ pounds
4 slices bacon

Melt butter in a frying pan and sauté onion and garlic. Add green pepper, Worcestershire sauce, seasonings, tomatoes and bay leaf. Simmer 10 minutes. Pour into casserole and then place salmon in sauce. Top with bacon and bake covered, at 300° for 1 hour. Serves 2-6, depending on amount of fish.

←*painting of Desert Caravan Inn by Alfred Dunn*

←*painting of Crab Broiler by Ernest Richardson*

Crab Broiler is noted for its excellent Dungeness crab dishes as well as chicken and steak. It is on the east side of U. S. 101 at Cannon Beach Junction, four miles south of Seaside, Oregon. Open for lunch and dinner from 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Thanksgiving and the last two weeks of December.

BARBECUE CRAB SANDWICH

Mix 2 ounces crab meat with 4 ounces Barbecue Sauce,* heat thoroughly in sauce pan. Serve hot over toasted bun. Serve open faced. Makes 1 portion.

*BARBECUE SAUCE

1 pint fancy catsup
5 whole cloves
½ teaspoon horseradish

1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon thyme
1 level teaspoon all seasoning salt
½ teaspoon Accent
2 bay leaves
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt

Mix all ingredients together and add enough water to make a light sauce. Heat to boiling point. May be used hot or cold as a cocktail sauce or with sandwich (above).



←photograph by Jack Cansler.

THUNDERBIRDS at Daytona Beach

WRITING of February's important Daytona Beach stock car races in *Sports Illustrated*, John Bentley, the magazine's automotive editor, said:

"The Ford Thunderbird driven by Joe Ferguson of College Point, New York, settled for good the argument of whether this new American sports car could top 120 mph—Ferguson clocked 124.633, fastest in his class. The Thunderbird also copped the stock U.S. sports car acceleration run (one mile from a standing start) with 84.66 mph."

Although the Thunderbird is a personal car that has the comfort, convenience, and safety of a conventional model, it was entered in the sports car classes at Daytona Beach because of its sports car performance.

Not only did Ferguson's Thunderbird settle the argument, but in the same competition, in which Thunderbirds took the first four places, two other Thunderbirds demonstrated conclusively that 120 mph is not a hard mark to achieve. Andy Hotton of Dearborn, Michigan, drove his 123.401 mph, while Joe Littlejohn of Spartanburg, South Carolina, hit 120.705 mph.

Littlejohn was the driver of the Thunderbird that captured all honors for U.S. production cars in the acceleration test.

The first important test of Thunderbird performance in competition found the Thunderbird taking other honors. In the Class 3 race for sports cars, William Spear of Palm Beach drove a Thunderbird owned by Tom McCahill for an average of 121.992 mph, which bested a number of foreign sports cars.

All in all, it was a convincing demonstration of sports car performance in a car that has sacrificed nothing to luxury, ease and driver comfort. ■

←photograph by Bob Carman.

letters

OF BIRDS AND FISH

Dear Sirs: Two comments on your April issue:

1. The kingbird, in dive-bombing an owl, hawk or crow (also human, occasionally) emits a wicked and unnerving cry which may explain why the larger birds flee. The story omitted mention of this. The sound is enough to frighten anybody.

2. In Charles Rawlings' excellent story about the alewife (pronounced L-Y) he says the Indians planted corn on them, for fertilizer. I tried that once, in a moment of research (I wanted to use the idea in one of my books), and the next night every skunk, fox, raccoon, cat, dog and mink in the surrounding twenty-five miles came and dug my corn patch all to hell and ate all the fish. I didn't pursue the research further, but I can't help wondering, somehow . . .

JOHN GOULD
Lisbon Falls, Maine

THE GENERAL WASN'T BUSTED

Dear Sirs: The photograph in your March issue captioned as that of General Gouverneur Warren is actually a typical artillerist of the 4th New York or Smith's Battery.

J. WALTER COLEMAN, *Supt.*
Gettysburg Military Park
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

... a picture of a canonneer holding a "swab" would hardly be statue of a general, and if the sharpshooters in

Devil's Den had been attempting to hit General Warren on the summit of Little Round Top, they would have been firing in an almost directly opposite direction from the statue thus depicted.

GEORGE HAY KAIN
York, Pennsylvania

ROBBIN' THE CARDINAL

Dear Sirs: In the March issue of your fine magazine there was a lively article on robins which was in error when it stated that the robin is our state bird. Our state bird is red-breasted, it is true, but also red all over, and known as a cardinal (*Cardinalis Virginianus*).

PHIL GABLER
Chamber of Commerce
Winchester, Virginia

THE NOSE KNOWS

Dear Sirs: Charles Harper did a fine job on ramps ("How to Attack the Ramp"—April *FORD TIMES*) but I think he was mistaken when he said ramps were gathered with hoes. Maybe the word came to his mind because it rhymes with nose, which figures strongly in connection with ramps, and rose, which doesn't. We use rakes. In fact we have a poem here that starts: "Up in the mount'ins, gath'rin' ramps with rakes."

H. G. RHAWN, *Publisher*
Clarksburg News
Clarksburg, West Virginia



photograph by Bob and Ira Spring

THE distinction of being the highest, the lowest, the laziest or the most of anything is worth mentioning. Heretofore Cape Flattery, Washington, and Cape Blanco, Oregon, have been leading contenders for the title of "Farthest west point in the U.S.," but author Byron Fish and photographers Bob and Ira Spring hereby dispute both claims—they say it belongs to Cape Alava, out on the tip of Washington's Olympic Peninsula. With the prospect of being, for an instant, the nation's farthest-west citizens, they made the trek to Cape Alava. The photograph above shows them crossing from the cape to Cannonball Island, which becomes marooned at high tide. For an account of their adventures, see story on page 25. ■

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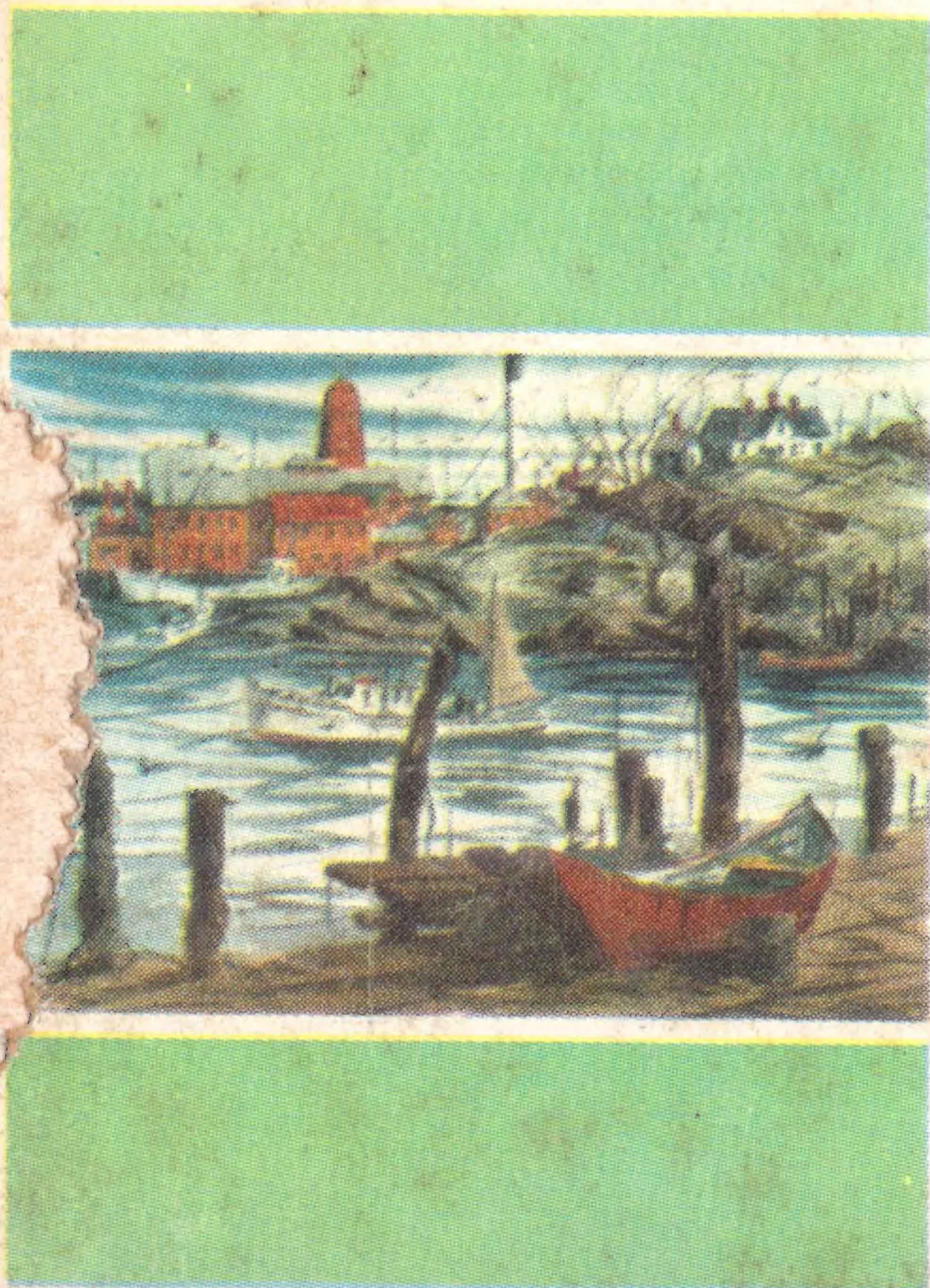
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Front Cover—Edward Turner's watercolor showing one of the Eastport, Maine, sardine canneries illustrates the close relation between the island city and the sea around it. Story on page 2.

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